

LILAC MERCHANTS.

Flower Sellers on Park Row Pave in Front of the Pulitzer Building.

Spring Blossoms Offered in a Belated Snowstorm.

Hawkers and Their Peculiarities Noted by an "Evening World" Reporter.

It is not often that one sees those bunches of floral fragrance, yelped lilacs, hawked about our streets in a snowstorm, but travelers along Park Row in front of the Pulitzer Building Wednesday enjoyed this novel sight and marveled much at the curious incongruity of the scene.

Perhaps a great part of the curiosity was centered in the fact that the flower peddlers were not, as is often the case, winsome young women, but instead, were strange, uncouth, swarthy-checked boys and men.

For nearly three weeks past pedestrians in the vicinity of Newspaper Row and Brooklyn Bridge have noticed a line of these amber-tinted flower hawkers, sometimes strung out in front of the Register's office, but oftener standing shoulder to shoulder in front of the Pulitzer Building, crying their wares in tones marked with an unmistakably foreign accent.

Right here it might be said that this innovation in the peddling line is pretty much of a monopoly. There are fifteen or twenty of these dark-skinned, black-haired "flower merchants," and they are all in the employ of one man, John Spero, the second avenue florist.



watch the sales of flowers, because purchasers talked English as they trafficked, and that was fast getting to be a novelty in the neighborhood of these strange dealers in floriculture.

A real nice young man walked merrily down the steps from the Bridge, and the minute he espied the dark-skinned chaps with purple blossoms and big clusters of lilacs in their dirty brown hands, he almost screamed to his companion.

"Dear me, Bertie, I must get a bunch of those 'lilacs' for my mother. Say, you 'tender'—how much for them?" His English was bad, but his hands were pretty.

The stereotyped reply came from Greek Mike, "Fif' cents. You buy?"

"Yass, gimme a bunch, and here's your money," somewhat disdainfully said the real nice young man, as he grabbed the fragrant things. "Gracious, Bertie, 'aint they sweet? I'll give the floorwalker a nice little boutonniere."

So this diplomatic young salesman in another line no doubt "made himself sold" for the day at Cash & Cash's emporium, on 82nd street. It wasn't expensive, either.



Furthermore, every one of these hawkers is a Greek. This one will easily discover the minute he attempts to draw one of them into conversation which goes beyond the confines of a purchase of the floral beauties. He will show a bunch of lilacs under your nose and ejaculate ingeniously, if brokenly, "Buy flower, fi' cents bunch. Two pink fi' cents."

"That is all these emigrants from the ancient Archipelago know of our good old Saxon English."

An EVENING WORLD reporter yesterday demonstrated this fact. For nearly half an hour, in all the frigidity of very much out-of-date Arctic breezes, he labored with a trio of these Grecian flower salesmen in a vain effort to get a little, just a little, even, information about their occupation.

"You buy flower, only fi' cents," persisted the reporter.

"Yuh, fi' cents; two pink, too." It was enough to drive one to drink. At last one elongated individual, who looked twice as stupid as the whole three with whom the reporter was endeavoring to carry on converse, sidled up.

Appearances, we have been often told, are deceiving, and the thought arose that perhaps this fellow, dull and idiotic as he surely looked, might after all be a past master in the art of speaking English. He was a long distance past, but he did tell a few things.

suspiciously shifting about that they regarded their questioner as a policeman in disguise.

And if there is anything or anybody that these same flower peddlers stand in dread of it is a New York copper. He keeps them moving all the time. Yesterday was an exceptionally fine day to be on the move, and our Grecian friends had every opportunity to take advantage of the same. There were lots of policemen abroad.

The reporter found it satisfactory to



fully about her shapely head, and the dainty white rickling which nestles beneath the widow's bonnet tells more eloquently than unfeeling words of her bereavement.

"Dick always liked lilacs," she murmured, half aloud. "I think I'll take some of these home. They do smell so sweet. Yes, you may give me two bunches. They will brighten the room up. Never mind wrapping them up; I'll carry them just as they are."

Was it the recollection that Dick admired lilacs that sent little tears bubbling out over those long curling eyelashes until they rippled down her wan cheeks and were lost in the profusion of fragrance?

The vendors were getting along uncommonly well in disposing of their perishable wares. It was now pretty near high noon, and some of the peddlers had sold out their stock and had gone to get a fresh supply from "the boss."

There were only three left, and as they huddled closely together for mutual protection from the nipping blasts, which carried like frigid dervishes on Park Row, they lost sight of their dreary enemy, the policeman on the beat. He, however, had them well in view, and while their knees shivered and their tongues chattered the mellifluous patois of the Orient, Mr. Copper, born down on them savagely.

"Now you chaps stop. You've all been here for twenty minutes now at a swing. Get a move on."

The policeman was not a bad lot. He smiled grimly at THE EVENING WORLD's young man, and said: "I hate to do this. These fellows 'aint got no right to loaf around here for more'n ten minutes at a clip. Yer see, they've got no license to sell their bookyaks, an' we have to keep 'em on the hustle. I kinder hate to do it, but how do I know I ain't bein' watched myself by the roundsman?"

"Poor devils, they've got to make a livin' like the rest of us. I like flowers as well as the next man, and many's the bunch of lilacs I've bought from 'em right here in front of the Pulitzer Building. Yes, lady, this is Brooklyn Bridge."

The officer walked down Park Row toward the Bowery, swinging his head-cracking baton.

Along came a shabbily attired old woman, with hair as white as the driven—no, the snow of May. "Why, just look at them lilacs. I want a bunch of them. How much do you charge?"

Mike the Greek hadn't made any change in his tariff, and the venerable purchaser took a bunch from his hands. It must have been absent-mindedness, for it would be cruel to imagine it cold-blooded villainy on the old woman's part, but off she walked at a pretty good gait, lilacs in one hand and a little leather purse in the other.

The Greek flew after her, in front of the Pulitzer Building, a perfect storm of determination. "F'cemia, fi'cents," and he tugged at the old woman's dilapidated shawl. He was persistent, but he didn't get his money. The lady returned the lilacs.

Ten minutes later this same hold-over from a past generation came back and began negotiations with one of Mike the Greek's compatriots. He would have none of her, for he recognized her face, and he had seen the little difficulty which she caused his fellow-salesman.

The silver-crowned flower buyer tackled three or four more vendors, but if she was saturated with typhus fever they couldn't have ignored her more completely.

The determined old woman said something under her breath, so much under that the reporter couldn't catch it, and off she moved Brooklynward.

It was a relief when a bright-eyed little woman, with a flaxen-haired tot at her side, approached the group of peddlers.

"Oh, mamma, buy me that!" lisped the tot, as she pointed a chubby finger at the big bunch of lilacs.

"Hush, darling, of course you shall have them."

The trade was made. The child took the flowers and fairly gurgled with glee as she went her way, sniffing their fragrance at every step. The fond mamma was likewise pleased, and yet for what an insignificant sum was so much true happiness secured—only five cents.

He was a thorough man of the world who next stopped in front of the peripatetic flower merchants. The bright glow of health shone in his flashing black eyes, and he was dressed like a gentleman.

"Ah! Pinks, eh? I guess one of 'em would cut about the proper figure in my buttonhole this lovely morning. Let me have a nice fresh one out of that bunch there, young fellow. Here's your money."

"Two for fi'," said the Greek.

"I only want one. Keep the change."

Our natty friend slipped the carnation through the button-hole of his left lapel

and walked down Park Row with an added briskness to his steps.

Beautiful, scarlet little flowers, with your subtle odor, is it strange what a soothing influence you exercise over some of us. There is beauty in everything that grows which one can find if one will only study the buds and blossoms that thrive.

There was something inexpressibly sad in the face of the fragile woman who stopped to look at the lilacs and pinks. Somber folds of crepe are festooned grace-



fully about her shapely head, and the dainty white rickling which nestles beneath the widow's bonnet tells more eloquently than unfeeling words of her bereavement.

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ary lesson, and the Greeks hate to pay fines as violently as any malefactor. They do not take any more chances in that line. Generally their day's work is finished by 7 o'clock, and if a peddler should find himself burdened with an overabundance of flowers, he makes the best of it and takes them to his own home. Most of them live on Roosevelt street, near Park Row, and, of course, they live very frugally. But they are industrious fellows, and honest enough to all intents and purposes. They will probably rendezvous in Newspaper Row well along into the midsummer months, and when lilacs are out of date the cry will be, "Pond lilies here; nice, fresh pond lilies, on'y cents a piece." And pond lilies in July will be as welcome as lilacs in May.

"APOLLO."

The Casino produced "Apollo" last night and called it a burlesque opera—a most considerate and kindly thing to do. On Monday we had an operetta brought to our notice. These operettas, all revolving about the hackneyed and ancient comic opera, are becoming quite interesting. I am now waiting to see a burlesque operetta, an operetta burlesque, and a burlesque operetta. All you have to do is to remove the syllables in order to get all the variations you want. The meaning may be exactly the same, but the sound is different.

When "Apollo" began last night, I said to myself: "Now, indeed, we are going to see something strikingly interesting." The stars of the first act made the most beautiful picture I have ever seen at this house. It represented the Castilian spring at Delphi, and was simply a ravel for the eyes. With the comedy of the first act, the Greek comedians, attired in the most elaborate costumes, artistically posed by an exacting stage manager, this scene was certainly worth the price of admission, all by itself. The Casino has never evolved anything like it, though we have had some gorgeous effects divided up between a number of comic operas. It seems to me that "Apollo" is a masterpiece of the genre.

"Apollo," however, soon drifted into the inevitable—and everybody knows what the inevitable is at the Casino. Josef Hellmeberger composed the music, if it is not satire to use the word "composed," in connection with the utterly commonplace strains that accompanied the Greek girls and the Castilian spring. Such music is every body's property. It seems incredible to believe that Hellmeberger really wrote it down. I should have imagined that the orchestra "composed" it as it went along and would play something somewhat different to-night.

The libretto of "Apollo" was written by J. Schallert, with English translation and adaptation by E. J. Treher and Edgar Smith. The story tells of the lovely virgin and her sweetheart, and their efforts to foil Adramis, the high priest of Apollo's Temple at Delphi. Two Corinthian damsels, Parnasia and Leucina, are also bound up in the very slight and coherent plot. In fact, for all the story "Apollo" tells, it might just as well be called "Little Jack Horner," Jack, of course, wearing a Grecian costume and eating his Christmas pie in Delphi. After the first act the funny men appeared, and "Apollo" became the typical Casino offering, with a good deal of topical, political allusions and all the rest of it.

Lillian Russell, looking radiantly beautiful in her artistic dress, sang admirably. She began with a tiny disconcerting tremolo, but discarded it very soon, and was never more effectively effective. Miss Russell did not act at all. She waited gracefully through the burlesque, as she should, and when Miss Louise Beaudet made her first appearance at the Casino, and sang the role of Parnasia. Perhaps it is needless to say that this clever, fascinating little lady made a hit. She always does. She sings very prettily, dances as gracefully as those with whom dancing is a profession, and she is as dramatically consequent as Theo, or Judic, or Jeanne Granier. It is safe to say that Miss Beaudet is the only feminine member of the Casino company who can act.

Jefferson de Angeli was laboriously and too weightily funny as Adramis, and Edwin Stevens made a capital joke about his statue. What a happy accident that he is tall! that seemed to please. Ferdinand Schuetz, from the Amberg Theatre, sang pleasantly, and the three Athenian boys created a laugh.

"Apollo" will undoubtedly please the patrons of the Casino. When people go to see a comedy, they go to see a comedy, and they want what they will find. It is very seldom the unexpected that happens at the Casino. The programme did not state whether they were designed in London or Paris, nor did it vouchsafe the name of the artist who painted them. They were very handsome, however, and were blended delightfully with the picturesque surroundings of the Castilian Spring at Delphi.

ALAN DALL.

Saving the Language from Beggary.

Jack—Oh, her eyes seem to me like the Mediterranean, and her cheeks—well, I don't know what to compare them to!

The Reason for It.

That's a queer name you've chosen for your horse, 'Bad-Egg'.

Force of Habit.

Broneen—Henry, go to the telephone and ring up twelve.

A Boom.

The undertaker is very jolly this morning.

The Hard Part.

Friend to prohibitionist—I suppose you'd hate to have a lot of your prohibition brethren catch you in a saloon?

Interesting.

In Our Climate.

Maud—So you are going to be the queen of the May to-morrow. Have you your costume ready?

Do You Love.

EVERY ONE HAS AN IDEA.

NOT A BOARD MISSED IN THE ADVERTISING CONTEST.

Quick Eyes Catch the New Inscriptions on the "L" Road Signs—The Strain on Gude & Co.'s Gray Matter Not Yet Apparent—How to Win a \$10 Prize—Signs Put Up Yesterday.

Immediately on rising in the morning the hot water comes up for the daily toilet, and along with that mug of hot water and the shaving-cup should come THE WORLD.

It is the first man you meet who may talk understandingly on any topic of the day. This is not so very surprising for a journal with a list of alert correspondents running up into the thousands and a corps of local newsgatherers who quickly get onto every city happening of consequence. All newspapers do not have the immense advantages possessed by THE WORLD, and yet there is the same two cents out of your pocket, and perhaps more is demanded, for a sheet far inferior to the one now under your eye.

For nearly three weeks, in little jottings of verse and prose, in clever twinges of popular sayings to a new yet very opposite bearing and the general jingle of pleasant sounds, with sound sense, the "L" road sign boards have been blazoning out the praises of THE WORLD. O. J. Gude & Co., the enterprising advertisers of No. 13 West Avenue, who suggested the novel scheme of profiting and placing in position these thousands of inscriptions in a thousand hours, with a prize of \$1,000, as their recompense from THE WORLD, have thus far not missed a board, but the race is not yet half done. The household is yet a long way off, and in a very short time a slip-up before all that was bargained for has been fully meted out. There have been several schemes before. Whole number yards of shingles have been run into the printing press and came out by the hundreds of thousands to decorate miles upon miles of roadside fences. But the scheme was one of iteration—aye, most damnable iteration, too, in many cases. The Gude-World plan is entirely new in itself, no small task, but this was not the sequential performance to the grinding out of the signboard text from a gray portion of the Gude firm's anatomy.

And then such a magnificent jury of experts as are sitting in judgment! What but jury on an advertising matter can be had than the great public itself? Every word of every sign is closely watched, and then, at each weekly session of the jury, \$100 is doled out to the winner of THE WORLD, to the jury's foreman.

How to be prize winner? It is the very first thing in the whole lot of soft shingles. For the third week of the race look over the numbered sign inscriptions to the \$10 incentive, pick out the very best to your notion as a taking advertisement, also the second best and the third best, and send them to the Gude firm, really the most popular, the next most popular and the next, you get the \$10, provided you have a right to it.

Yesterday the line of the posters' parade was right up to the Gude firm's door. Many a quick eye took in the new inscriptions as the hurrying feet sped on. "How many?" was answered. The list of those put up ran as follows:

421 Doubt that the stars are fixed. Don't doubt a World "Want" ad. Can quite succeed, prove.

422 Full many a shaft at random sent "Wanted" ad. "Want" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

423 The People's Exchange—THE SUNDAY Advertiser. "Want" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

424 Keep your head cool and your feet warm. Keep in work and out of harm. To the Gude firm, really the most popular, the next most popular and the next, you get the \$10, provided you have a right to it.

425 Wake up! Only the sleepy ones get left. Live men and World "Wants" are progressive.

426 "If I were that land to hastening life a Wherein THE WORLD is not well known

427 A young Irish girl, lately landed, Was greatly in fear she'd be stranded; In THE WORLD advertised. Got a place, and good wages commanded.

428 You'll find on every page, Life's drama shown therein. "Wanted" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

429 A man who'd apartments to let Not a tenant to take them could get; In THE WORLD he was one day Put an "ad" and they say That his door bell is ringing loud yet.

430 WORLD "Wants" prevent want.

431 Use anyone that THE WORLD advertises. "Want" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

432 "What is the greatest deed of old, And who the greatest hero of old? Asked the bedding youth. He was To go and find out in a little World of old."

433 There once was a healthy young man, Who here in New York was in need, In THE WORLD quickly had Him a place of great value indeed.

434 Two of a kind, employer and employee, Applaud the quick action of THE WORLD "Wants."

435 If Beattie wants to clean the streets, And please his boss, he'll be needed; Let him speedily fill an asking void For a World "Want" ad, for the unemployed.

436 Boarders Wanted, "once inserted, Lack of boarders quickly averted."

437 When Helen of Troy ran off from home With wicked Paris to Troy to roam, Her husband had speedily put her back If he'd put a World "Want" on her track.

438 The most markets, stocks and shares, The actions of both "bulls and bears," Are found midst Black Exchange affairs In the columns of THE WORLD.

439 "Put money in thy purse," by advertising in WORLD "Wants."

440 Through "Form at Night" shown day by day, Haggard men find their better way; "Wanted" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

441 A lady needs his daily bread, And when at work he kneads it, He's employed through THE WORLD, For every baker reads it.

442 Eyes, hands and feet the doctors now provide, For those who've lost them; but they all agree That who in THE WORLD "Wants" has not tried To get a "Want" ad, deserves small sympathy.

443 "A contented mind is a continual feast," "Wanted" ad. has Results of which one little thought.

444 He who would board at once secure Should a World "Want" ad make its care.

EXTRA PANTS WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF BOYS' CLOTHING HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED BY US INTO SUITS, WITH EXTRA PANTS TO MATCH. YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICE AS LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE CAN FURNISH SIMILAR GOODS WITH ONLY ONE PAIR OF PANTS.

Boys' Suits, 4 to 14 years, plaited and corded in fancy cassimeres and neat mixtures, light and dark colors, over 100 different patterns, all with extra knee pants.

Boys' Confirmation and Anniversary Suits. Sizes 4 to 14 years, in black and blue tricots, worsted, and diagonals, warranted all wool and fast, colors, with two pants to every suit.

Prices for Men's Suits: Special genuine black Hawthorne Cheviot suits in sacks and cut-aways, sold everywhere for \$15, will be on sale for one week at \$10.

Men's elegant fancy cassimeres or worsted Suits, 100 different patterns, sacks or cut-aways.

Blue and black serge, warranted fast colors, plain or silk-faced, sack or cutaway Suits.

Over 500 different patterns of light-colored Trousers, with or without side bands, from \$3.00 to \$6.00.

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A REAL NEWSPAPER'S REAL SPORTING EXTRA!